The Man From the Bitter Roots

An Outdoors Romance of a Battle for Fortune.

By CAROLINE LOCKHART Author of "Me, Smith," Etc.

of everything about him that stood for culture and civilization. How at

the antipodes was the picture he was seeing! For the moment it seemed as though that lonely, primitive life on

the river must be only a memory of some previous existence. Then the unforgettable scene in the cabin came

back vividly and he almost shud-

"Ugh-how terrible!" Bruce imag-

talk about to—his sister."

She did not make it easier, but sat waiting in silence while he hesitated. He was wondering how he could tell her so she would understand, how not to shock her with the gruesome de-talls of the story. Through the wide archway with its draperies of gold thread and royal purple velvet a pro-cession of bare-shouldered, exquisitely dressed women was passing and Bruce became suddenly conscious of the music of the distant orchestra, of the faint oder of flowers and perfume

CHAPTER V.

"Slim's Sister." HE had stepped into the cloak room for her wrap and Sprudell was waiting in the corridor. Immediately saw Bruce he guessed his purpose and the full significance of a dered, for he felt again the warm gush meeting between them rushed upon over his hand and saw plainly the

him. He was bent desperately upon preventing it. Sprudell took the initiative and advanced to meet him.

"If you've anything to say to me, Bruce, I'll meet you to-morrow."

"I've nothing at all to say to you meet to repeat what I said to you then I artiesville. I told you then I of the cabin."

"Ugh—how terrible!" Bruce trage. thought you'd lied and now I know it. That's Slim's sister."

"That is Miss Dunbar." "I don't believe you."

"Ugh—how terrible!" Bruce imagined she shrank from him. "But why
did you quarrel—what started it?"
Bruce hesitated; it sounded so perty—so ridiculous. He thought of the
two old partners he had known who
had three bloody fights over the most
desirable place to hang a haunch of
venison. "Sait," he finally forced
himself to answer. "I'll prove it." "Introduce me." "It isn't necessary; besides," he speered, "she's particular who she

"Sprudell told me that and I could not believe it."
She looked at him increduously.
"We were down to a handful, and I fed it to a band of mountain sheep knows." "Not very," Bruce drawled, "or she wouldn't be here with you." He added obstinately, "That's Slim's sister."

Helen came from the cloak room that came to the cabin. I had no and stopped short at seeing Bruce "You said that he went crazy—do you mean actually?" "Actually—a maniac—raving."
"Then why do you blame yourself so much?"
"Because I should have pulled out tainly this was an evening of sur-

"Are you ready, Miss Dunbar?" Sprudell placed loud emphasis upon when I saw how things were going.

We had quarrelled before over triffes and I knew he would be furious. You

She nodded.

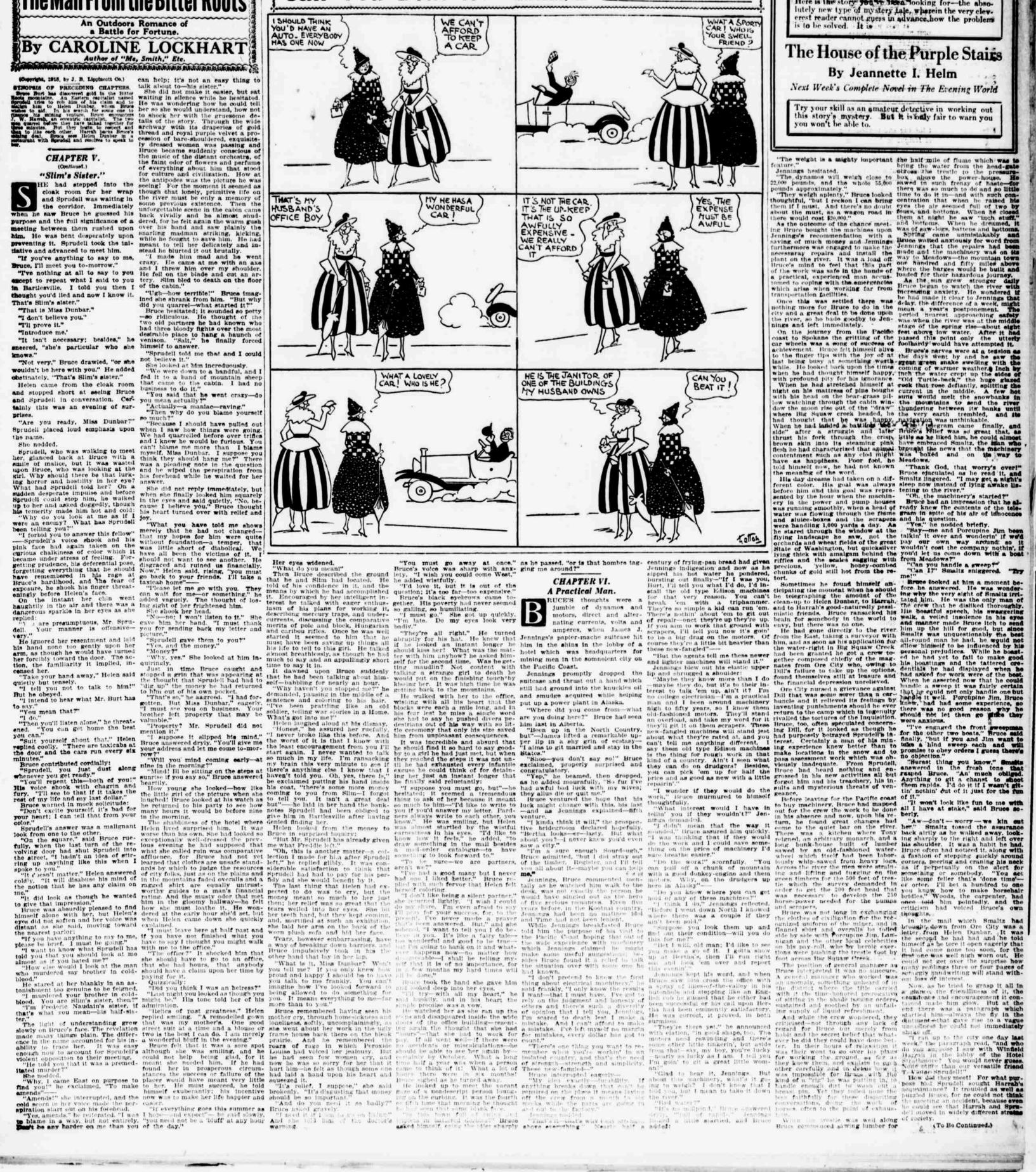
Sprudell, who was walking to meet her, glanced back at Bruce with a smile of malice, but it was wasted upon Bruce, who was looking at the girl. Why should there be that lurking horror and hostility in her eye?

What had Sprudell told her? On a sudden desperate impuise and before Sprudell could stop nim, he waiked up to her and asked doggedly, though his temerity made him hot and cold:

"Why do you look at me as if I joy."

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



Here is the story for the line looking for—the absolutely new type of myslery tale, wherein the very eleverest reader cannot guess in advance how the problem is to be solved. It is

The House of the Purple Stairs By Jeannette I. Helm

Next Week's Complete Novel in The Evening World

Try your skill as an amateur detective in working out this story's mystery. But it is bally fair to warn you you won't be able to.

"The weight is a mighty important feature."

Jennings hesitated.

"The dynamos will weigh close to 22,000 pounds, and the whole 55,000 pounds, and the whole 55,000 pounds approximately."

"They weigh aplenty." Bruce looked thoughtful, "but I reckon I can bring them if I must. And there's no doubt about the must, as a wagon road in there would cost \$20,000."

As the outcome of the chance meeting Bruce bought the machines upon Jennings's recommendation with a saving of much money and Jennings and bottoms. When he desard he necessaray repairs and install the plant on the river. It was a load off Bruce's mind to feel that this part of the work was safe in the hands of a practical, experienced man accusatemed to coping with the emergencies which arise when working far from the head-gails division that the polar on the river, as he bade goodby to Jennings and left immediately.

Once this was settled there was nothing more for Bruce to do in the city and a great deal to be done upon the river, so he bade goodby to Jennings and left immediately.

On the journey from the Pacific coast to Spokane the gritting of the car wheels was a song of successor achievement. Bruce felt himself always to Menshall and the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the policy of the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the policy of the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the policy of the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the policy of the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the policy of the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the policy of the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the proper of a week might mean a year's postponement. The based the proper of a week might be been been been of the proper of the proper of a week might be been b